

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO 9—VOL. XX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1808.

NO. 999.

EDWARD WALWIN.

An American Tale.

Continued.

TO this, I replied, that he need not deceive himself any longer; for that it was impossible I should ever return his affection, and that, therefore, he had better encourage it no longer. "You will see that," replied he, with a malignant grin. The manner in which he spoke these words, surprised me, as well as our having travelled so long without reaching the place of destination, and a suspicion of I scarcely knew what, entered my mind. I asked him how far we were from Windsor? "Further than when we started," said he: "Deceive not yourself, Miss Bolton, you are in my power, and it will become you to submit with a good grace to your fate: I have contrived this scheme as a reward for the contempt with which you have treated me, and shall take you to a place where you will be sole mistress, and have nothing to do but to contribute to my pleasure." To this insolent speech, I replied only with my tears: to think myself in the power of a man I detested, and that man intent on the most diabolical deeds, filled me with unutterable grief; yet I did not despair, but hoped, that should we pass any travellers, I might be able to make them hear my cries. But in this I was disappointed, for the coachman had orders to give his master notice when any one approached, and the wretch immediately threw up the blinds, and applied the cushion to my mouth, which he held so close, that I was sometimes almost suffocated. For waggoners and countrymen, however, he did not think this precaution necessary. We travelled all night, he offering me no other insults than words; until this morning, when perceiving the horsemen approach, he prepared to affix the cushion to my mouth; when presently a voice was heard, ordering the coachman to stop, which he did. Randall called to him to drive on, but the other threatened to blow his brains out if he stirred. Randall seizing his pistols, leaped out, and fired.—The robbers returned the salute, and the servant coming up, assisted his master. The villains would, however, undoubtedly have prevailed, had not your assistance saved us. Yes, my dear Edward, you delivered us from the robbers, and (taking his hand, while tears started to her eyes) you have saved me from eternal infamy!"

During this narrative Edward's countenance exhibited the strongest marks of rage, indignation, and pity. Bitterly did he execrate the promise that withheld him from sacrificing Randall to his resentment, and sincerely did he condemn the suspicions which he had entertained of Mary's fidelity; convinced that he was still beloved, his bosom again was filled with joy, and happiness shed its benign influence over his heart.

They now returned to the house. Edward avoided seeing Randall, lest his passion should

overcome him. Happy in the society of his beloved Mary, several days passed insensibly away. But this happiness they could not long enjoy; Mr. Norton having written to her uncle to inform him that his niece was safe, he soon arrived to convey her home, and bitterly reproached Randall (who was now in a convalescent state) with his perfidy. Randall, however, shewed no signs of remorse, and only answered him by looks full of disappointed malice. The next day Mary and her uncle left Mr. Norton's on their return home. Previous to their departure, an affecting interview took place between Edward and her, and vows of the most constant fidelity were mutually interchanged.

Randall being fully recovered, left Norville, with a heart full of malignity and revenge towards Edward, whose affection for Mary he had observed.

During this time Edward had not leisure to pursue the project which occupied his attention before, but he now resolved again to visit the haunted woods: and accordingly, one evening, William and he, both armed, repaired to the spot where William affirmed the apparance vanished: and having secreted themselves in some brushwood at a few yards distance, waited in silence, with their eyes fixed on the bushes of alder and privy.—They had not waited long till a rustling was heard within the bushes, and the head of a man peeped forth between the branches, looking cautiously around. Not perceiving our heroes, he crawled out, and striking into the wood, they lost sight of him.

They now left their hiding place, and advanced to the bushes, and Edward pushing the branches aside, espied a small trap door; this he cautiously lifted up, and perceiving a ladder, began to descend, telling William to follow him. They soon found themselves in a subterraneous apartment; a lamp burning dimly on the table, afforded them just sufficient light to distinguish the objects around them. The cave was small, and evidently the work of art. Its furniture consisted of a table, two chairs and a few books, together with a cask of biscuit, and some vegetables for food. They had remained but a short time in the cave, when a noise was heard above, and the inhabitants of the cavern began to descend. He uttered an exclamation of surprise at beholding strangers in his abode. "Pardon us, Sir, (said Edward, addressing him) for presuming to interrupt your privacy; curiosity alone induced us to commit this trespass; yet surely, Sir, some great misfortune must have happened to induce you thus to relinquish the world." He paused, waiting for a reply. The inhabitant of the cave, fixing his eyes earnestly on Edward, while the big tear rolled down his cheek, thus replied: "Great indeed has been my sufferings; yet the Almighty inflicted them, and I drink my cup of sorrow without repining." He then begged him not to disclose the secret of his residence, as he wished to avoid all communication with the world. "That I will cheer-

fully promise, said Edward, if you will grant me one favour—the liberty of visiting you at times." "My company can have little charms for one of your age, (replied he) but as you have now discovered my retreat, if visiting me will afford you any gratification, you will be always welcome."

Edward and William now departed, very well satisfied that the adventure had terminated so favourably; for, although they went armed, neither of them had any inclination to spill blood.

After this Edward frequently visited the Hermit, (for so we will call him) and by his permission introduced Mr. Norton. The Hermit appeared to be about forty years of age; grief was pictured in his countenance, and his habit was constantly that of deep mourning. He had seen much of the world, and his conversation displayed such knowledge and strength of mind, that both Mr. Norton and Edward were delighted with his company. All their endeavours, however, to withdraw him from the cavern proved ineffectual, as he was determined to mingle no more with the world, but to spend the remainder of his days in preparing himself for a better world.

Not long after this Edward one evening walked out unattended by any person; and at the hour of retiring to rest, he had not returned. Mr. Norton was alarmed, and sent William to seek him. William directed his steps to the cave; but was informed by the Hermit that he had not been there; the lateness of the hour precluded further search that evening. The next day another and general search was made, but Edward was not to be found. Mr. Norton sent messengers to every part of the country, but could hear nothing of him. Months passed over without bringing any intelligence, and at length he entirely gave up all hopes of ever beholding his beloved Edward again. He sincerely mourned his loss; the more so, as he was utterly unable to conjecture how or by what means he had disappeared.

Having observed the mutual affection subsisting between him and Mary Bolton, Mr. Norton thought it his duty to inform her of this fatal accident, and in a letter to Mr. Bolton, related the occurrence, together with his observations respecting Edward's affection for Mary, in order that he might disclose the matter to his daughter as cautiously as possible. Previous to this Mary had returned from her visit to her aunt's. Her worthy parent was much grieved at Edward's fate, having always entertained a high esteem for him. Immediately upon receiving Mr. Norton's letter, Mr. Bolton sent for his daughter, and tenderly taking her hand, said to her: "My dear, a circumstance has occurred which afflicts me much; an amiable young man, who was once my neighbour, is no more." The dear girl's foreboding fears immediately presented Edward to her view, and she eagerly, though with faltering accents, asked his name. Instead of directly answering her question, Mr. Bolton

replied: "But why need we mourn? he has no doubt ascended to the mansions of bliss; and it would be arraigning Divine Providence to indulge in unreasonable grief." This conversation seemed somewhat to calm her, and Mr. Bolton ventured to inform her that it was Edward. No sooner was the name pronounced, than she gave an involuntary scream; her colour fled, she tottered, and would have fallen, had not her parent's arm sustained her. At length her recollection returned, and a shower of tears gave her some relief, in which her father mingled his.

Mary Bolton had lost her mother when but an infant: but this loss was in a great measure recompensed by a father, who to the dignity of that character, added the sympathizing softness of a mother. All the assiduous of an affectionate father, however, could not prevent a tender melancholy from taking possession of the disconsolate girl. She mourned secretly during the space of a whole year; at which time she appeared to be going into a consumption.

In the mean time Mr. Norton's health gradually declined. Borne down with grief arising from the loss of those he held most dear, and a variety of disappointments in his worldly concerns, he found his dissolution fast approaching. Sensible of this, he made his will, in which he disposed of his property to a distant relation, after paying some trifling legacies. And in little more than a year after the loss of his much-lamented Edward, the worthy Mr. Norton resigned his seat of mortality, in full hope and expectation of receiving, in a happier state, the abundant reward of all his sufferings.

To be continued.

RELIGION.

NECKAR, the celebrated financier of France, says, "The more we know of the world, its phantoms, and vain enchantments, the more we feel the want of a grand idea to elevate the soul above discouraging events, which continually occur." When we come to experience what is the life and substance of Religion, then we have this grand idea, which will raise up our souls even in this life, to behold the beauty of holiness, and keep our heads above the surging waves of misfortune's element; and at our passage hence we shall find it a support, as a bridge whereon the soul may pass with safety into that country of everlasting happiness where all arrive who "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly."

ALONZO of Arragon used to say of AGE, that it appeared best in four things, viz—Old wood best to burn—old wine to drink—old friends to trust—and old authors to read.

Among the capital convictions at the Old Bailey, an evening paper mentions that of Elizabeth Triplett, for uttering! This is enough to strike the fair sex dumb. If uttering is to be a capital offence in females, there will not be three good women alive in England: for if they talk they will be hanged, and if they do not talk they will die of holding their tongues. *Lon. pap.*

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

When man is wounded in the breast,
Who heals the wound and gives him rest,
And makes him feel supremely blest?

'Tis Woman.

When seized by sickness, rack'd with pain,
Who will by him whole nights remain,
And never at the task complain?

Why, Woman.

When loss of friends afflict his mind,
Where can he consolation find?
With sensibility refin'd

In Woman.

Who is the partner of his grief,
When other ears to him are deaf,
And grants him instantly relief?

A Woman.

Who then to please should be his joy?
(Nor gold, nor pelf, the will destroy,
For 'tis a good, a just employ.)

A Woman.

TO THE LADIES.

If you should ask who is the swain,
That flatters in so bold a strain,
I'll tell you, though it gives me pain,

'Tis ALFRED.

A beautifully sublime, tenderly delicate, and
pleasingly pathetic, Valentine.

Oh dear! I die, indeed I do,
So fervent is my love for you,
I do indeed, sweet Miss!
Oh! for some friendly hangman's rope,
Or else some physic from the Pope,
Or else, dear girl! a kiss—

And as my breast for you doth burn,
Pray can't you give some small return,
To raise my grief-struck soul?
Nor knife, nor sword nor razor blade,
Should then our mutual love invade,
Till our death bell did toll.

If you refuse, oh! cruel fair,
My brains I'll scatter in the air;
(If any I have got!)
Or else, too charming girl, you'll see,
I'll dangle on some willow tree,
For wind and rain to rot.

And when my ghost's allow'd to rise,
Its grisly form shall meet thy eyes,
If thus you fix my doom!
And as A'lonzo's ghost was seen
To bare away false Imogene,
I'll bear you to the tomb!

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

AN EPIGRAM.—The hint taken from a fact.

THREE belles in a garden, were viewing the
plants
Conducted respectively by their gallants.
'Here Nancy (said William) is one will reveal
A secret which many fam'd beauties conceal,
For where modest virtue hath flown from its stand,
It withers at the touch, and recedes from the hand."

The young ladies gaz'd as if rather dismay'd,
But Nancy at length said, "Poh! I'm not afraid."
Her fair hand advanced—the experiment tried,
When lo! in an instant the plant droop'd and dy'd!
The poor girl first reddend'd, then whiter than snow,
Said softly, "Lord help me, how does the plant
know?"

PUNCTUALITY THE LIFE OF BUSINESS

Every man of business will readily confess the truth of my text; and yet not one in a hundred perhaps is governed by it.

You are in a great want of a pair of shoes—your shoemaker measures you for them—he will have them done such a day for certain—you call and send and send and call, and have good luck if as much as a thickness of seal-leather be not worn out in running for them before you get them—while you are suffering in your health, and endangering your life by tramping about in leaky shoes.

The Tailor measures you for a suit of clothes—you have put off getting them as long as you could do without, and are now in a great hurry for them—he is literal in promises, for promises cost nothing—but a violation of truth!—You are surely to have them on a set day—you fix your heart upon them—They are not done, but will be tomorrow—and may be this same story may be repeated till it is as thread bare as your old clothes, and your many disappointments devour more than half your pleasure in your new ones.

You take a piece to the weaver—you or your children are almost suffering for it

'It shall be done in a few days,' a few weeks elapse—sometimes months, and even years, before you get your piece woven—and if it be not injured by mice or moth, you have to thank their forbearance for it.

The miller promises you your grist the next morning—Morning comes, and not a grain of it is ground. Several days roll round, your corn is still in the bag; and not unfrequently remains there till your hungry belly ache makes you rear loud enough to frighten it into the hopper.

You want your grass cut, your harvest in, your grain threshed out—You engage a person to assist you—You may depend upon it he will not disappoint you—But if your hay and harvest rot on the field, or the rats devour your grain, before your labourer arrives, you may console yourself with the reflection that you are not the first person that has been served so.

It is not merely these descriptions of persons who forget to remember that punctuality is the life of business; the same forgetfulness infects all classes of mankind.

The employer is often as far from punctuality as the employed.

Have not you suffered your tailor, your shoemaker, your weaver, or other workmen, to call again and again before you paid them their just dues?—Is not this a kind of robbery?—Besides robbing them of their money for a season, you rob them of their time in coming or sending for it—and time is money. If the labourer be worthy of his hire, ought it not to be paid him when his labour is finished?

You, Mr. —, have owed your doctor a great while. He perhaps saved you from a speedy assignment to the 'house appointed for all living';—and now you requite his services by refusing to pay his honest demand. Ingratitude is the vilest of vices—for all others there may be some apology—for this, none.

You, Mr. —, have a long bill due at Mr. —'s store. Punctuality is in a special degree the life of his business—without money he can get no goods; and without it, he had better sell none. Yet you detain his money from him, and perhaps lay it out for other objects not half so just or honourable. These things ought not so to be.

The Parson, among other good men, feels frequently, too sensibly feels, your want of punctuality. In this free country, no one is obliged to subscribe to the support of any Minister; so much the more ought you to be punctual in paying the small pittance which you have promised 'the man of God.' While he is toiling to furnish food for your immortal souls, surely you should provide him with sustenance for his mortal body; While he is seeking to make your death bed easy, you cannot refuse your aid to render his life comfortable. Remember who has said, 'The labourer is worthy of his hire.'

Perhaps it may not be amiss to remember the Printer in my discourse. He is in a very difficult and disagreeable situation. He trusts every body he knows not how his money is scattered every where, he hardly knows where to look for it. His paper, his ink, his presses and his types, his labour and his living, all must punctually be paid for.

ESS You, Mr. —, and Mr. —, and Mr. —, and Mr. —, and an hundred others that I could name, have taken Messrs. —'s paper a great while. You and your wives, and your children, and your neighbours, have been amused and informed, and I hope improved by it; if you miss one paper you think very hard of the printer or post for it, for you had rather go without your best meal than without your paper; have you ever complied with the condition of subscription? Have you taken as much pains to furnish the printer with his money as he has to furnish you with your paper? Have you contributed your mite to repay him for his ink, his paper, his types, his presses, his hand work, and head work? If you have not—go—pay him off, "and sin no more."

Verily, brethren, this want of punctuality is "a sore evil under the sun"—an evil which is felt by all classes and conditions of life, and which all ought to unite to scout out of society. The scripture moveth us in sundry places to render unto every one his due, and to "owe no man any thing," and experience teacheth us that without punctuality there is neither profit nor pleasure in business. But were it otherwise, promises ought not to be broken; "for what shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The Weekly Mugcum.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 9, 1808.

The city inspector reports the death of 44 persons (of whom 8 were men, 10 women, 16 boys, and 10 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of consumption 8, convulsions 6, debility 2, dropsy 1, dropsy in the head 2, drowned 1, typhus fever 2, gangrene 1, lues 4, inflammation of the stomach 1, measles 5, old age 1, palsy 1, pleurisy 1, rheumatism 1, sore throat 1, still-born 1, syphilis 1, teething 1, and 3 of worms.

The British frigate *Statira*, with Mr. Rose on board, sailed from Hampton Roads for England, early on the morning of the 28th ult.—*Gaz.*

We hear from Goshen, that on Wednesday se'night the extensive building at Hampton, on the Walkill, occupied as a Cotton Manufactory and Grain Mill, owned by Mr. George Phillips, was entirely consumed by fire, and the Saw Mill contiguous to it. The fire broke out about 10 o'clock A. M. near the peak of the roof of the former building, and there being a strong wind from the westward, it spread with such rapidity, that in a few minutes the whole building was enveloped in flames; only leaving time, with the greatest efforts, to preserve a part of the cotton yarn, and raw materials in the building. By the direction of the wind the flames were carried as far as the Fuling Mill, and to the other adjacent buildings, which for a time were all threatened with destruction; the Fuling-Mill was several times on fire, but as quelled by the most spirited exertion.—The fire proceeded from some sparks that edged on the roof from the chimney. By this distressing accident, an establishment, which promised extensive utility to the country, has been destroyed in its infancy, and from thirty to forty hands thrown out of employment. The loss is estimated at about 9000 dollars. *Mer. Adv.*

In the town of Sutton (Mass) a melancholy accident happened on the 25th of March last, which, from its singularity, is entitled to public notice. In the iron works of that town, belonging to Deacon Elijah Waters, a young man about 25 years of age, was employed in the grinding of scythes, on a large stone, which was turned with great velocity by water. The stone suddenly broke asunder, and a fragment, weighing 439 pounds, smote him with such violence on the side of his head, as to fracture it to atoms. The man was thrown to the distance of four feet from the side of the shop, and rebounded nearly the same distance. The stone was thrown with such force, that it struck and broke an oak brace 4 by 5 inches, and was stopped in its passage by a beam. After falling on the floor it turned over, and once more struck the shattered head of the ill-fated victim.

Last week, Matthew Mark Watson, a youth about 16 years of age, was found hanging in a cellar at Huntingdon; on being taken down, various experiments were tried to bring him to life, but to no purpose. A spirit of enquiry led this youth to hang himself, in order to ascertain what sensations it would produce. *London paper.*

The French Dentist who made so large a fortune by following the French armies during the last campaign in Poland for the purpose of procuring human teeth, has got the name of General Pull-tooth. *ibid.*

For sale at this Office.
THE COMPLETE CONFECTIONER,
OR,
THE WHOLE ART OF CONFECTIONARY
MADE EASY:
Containing, among a variety of useful matter, the art of making the various kinds of Biscuits Fruits preserved in Brandy, Drops, &c. (wet) Preserved Sweetmeats Ice Creams Dried Fruits Water Ices Cordials, &c. &c.
As also the most approved method of making CHEESES, PUDDINGS, CAKES, &c.
IN 250 CHEAP AND FASHIONABLE RECIPES.
The result of many years experience with the celebrated Negri and Witten.
Price 50 Cents.

JUST PUBLISHED
and for sale by M. HARRISSON, 3 Peck slip,
THE LAY OF AN IRISH HARP,
OR,
METRICAL FRAGMENTS,
BY MISS OWENSON.

Just published, and for sale by
M. HARRISSON,
No 3 Peck-slip,
A NEAT EDITION OF
THE WILD IRISH GIRL;
A National Tale,
BY MISS OWENSON.

JUST PUBLISHED
And for sale at this Office,
THE DISCARDED SON
OR THE
HAUNTS OF THE BANDITTL
by Maria Regina Roche.

COURT OF HYMEN.

With thee the charms of life shall last,
Even when the rosy bloom is past;
And when slow pacing Time shall spread,
His silver blossoms o'er our heads,
The springs of life shall gently cease,
And Angels point the way to peace.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening, by the Rev Dr. Aberl, Benjamin Ferris, Esq. sheriff of this city, to Miss Anna Maria Schieffelin, daughter of Mr Jacob Schieffelin.

On Sunday morning the 3d inst by Dr H bart, Captain Charles Gage, of Portland, to Miss Susan Van Voorhis, daughter of Mr Daniel Van Voorhis, of this city.

On Monday evening by the Rev Mr Willard, Henry Bedlow, Esq. only nephew to Colonel Henry Rutgers of New York, to Miss Julia Halsey, adopted daughter of Dr Samuel Fairchild of South Carolina.

MORTALITY.

The wav'ring breath of human life,
As burns away the taper.
So shines midst want, and pain, and strife
Then vanishes in vapour.

DIED,

Of a dropsy on Tuesday morning in the 85th year of his age; Captain Samuel Henshaw.
At B-J more on the 1st inst Gabriel Christie, Esq Collector of that port, in the 61st year of his age.
At New Canaan, Connecticut, on Sunday afternoon 3d inst in the 66th year of his age, after a severe and painful illness, which he bore with christian resignation, Captain Ebenezer Whitney, much lamented by all his acquaintance.
On board the ship Maryland on the 31st Dec. in the Straits of Sunda, Captain Jonathan Perry, jun. after an illness of 20 days.

**PEARL AND TORTOISE SHELL
SEGAR & SNUFF BOXES.**
Just received and for sale at
C. HARRISSON'S Book store.
3 Peck slip.

To Landlords and Tenants.

The season for renting Houses is now approaching, the owners of Houses and stores are respectfully informed that books are open at the house register office, 101 Water street, where they can have their property recorded, to let or sell, at the small expence of one dollar each.

The records are always free for the inspection of tenants; and persons wishing to hire or buy all tenements, &c. entered at the Office, will be fairly described, and every information given as to situation, size, convenience, price, &c. Such owners as have tenements, &c. not occupied, and at a distance from their residence, will find their advantage in having the keys at the office, where a person will always be ready to go and shew the premises.

Gentlemen having Country seats or Farms, may have maps, &c. neatly executed by a skillful draughtsman, who has engaged for that purpose, and the maps will be conspicuously arranged in the Office for the inspection of the public. Money will be procured on all mortgages and deposits. Any gentleman, or company, having a surplus capital, may make an advantageous arrangement with the Register office for the use of money, which will always be secured by real estate or deposit of merchandize. jan 12 991.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE OLD WOMAN.

Boy—On yon common a little clay cottage stood,
Grown over with ivy and black-berried elder-wood,
Close by its threshold there rold a broad babbling
Willows hung o'er its banks. [flood,

There Jenny Jenkins, a crazy old woman dwelt;
Pebbles at her humped back often the boys would pelt,
Mocking the sorrows that old Jenny Jenkins felt.
Curse on their thoughtless pranks.

Blanch'd was her hollow cheek by the dank midnight
dew;
Sunk in their sockets her eye-balls were large to
view;
Long were her fingers, and skinny, of yellow hue;
Feebly she made her moan.

Over her shoulders a red cloak was loosely tied
Down to her garters her tresses were scatter'd
wide;
Bare were her red feet, and bitterly oft she cried,
God help the friendless one!

Over the wide downs when keenly the winds did blow
Over the mountain's top, cover'd with chilly snow,
Travelling painfully would the old women go,
Crossing each boggy ditch.

Nine tabby kittens she kept in a basket old,
Nine drops of sadder blood danc'd in her basket cold
Nine speckled toads too did she in her apron hold,
Tho' she had been a witch.

Strange too the fancies that enter'd each gossip's
brain,
Strange too the stories that ran thro' each village
lane,
'Bout wretched Jenny, who wander'd alone, insane,
Without her shoes and gown.

Some said "At midnight, when darkness the world
did hide,
Cross Farmer Ashton's mare would the old women
stride,
Racing the poor devil thro' each inclosure wide,
Forty miles round the town.

"Straddling a birch broom, how then to the moon
she went,
There to seek lodgings without paying tax or rent,
Rocking the steeple as by it her course she bent,
Whilst the winds whistled cold.

"How thro' the key-hole, too, had wrinkled Jenny
peep'd,
Creeping in rustling silks close to Bet Allan's bed,
Ticking the wench's toes till all her senses fled.
O! what strange lies they told.

Now had disease seiz'd and palsied her feeble frame,
Yet in the village there none for to see her came;
None smooth'd her pillow, or cherish'd life's sitting
game,
Not even the old and poor.

Pity's sweet sunshine ne'er shone on her breast for-
lorn;
Cheerless her mornings, her evenings were dark with
storm;
Scorn's icy finger was fix'd on her care-bent form;
Pride shut her cottage door.

Forth then she wander'd across the heath drear to
view;
Fast fell the cold snows, the wintry blast shri-
lly
blew;
Over her bare head the 'leaden-wing'd raven' flew;
Loud was his screaming cry.

Faint with fatigue, down she sunk in the drifted snows
Death seal'd her eye-lids, her spirit it sought repose
Boy—near yon barren spot, where the old yew tree
Jenny's cold relics lie. [grows,

THE MORALIST.

ON THE DEATH OF A RICH MAN.

Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? Where
indeed! Look around ye, on the day when his
death is announced, in the place where his life was
passed:—Where is he? Seek him in the countenance
of his neighbours; they are without a cloud—he is
not there. The faces, upon which he has closed his
eyes forever, continue as cheerful as they were be-
fore. His death is reported in the social circle—
the audience receive it with indifference, and forget
it with hate. The seriousness with which it is
heard, springs rather from pity, or moral reflection,
than from real distress; and in a moment, the cur-
rent of convivial mirth recovers the liveliness of its
flow. The business and the pleasures of the place,
proceed with usual spirit; and perhaps, in the next
house to that in which he lies an unconscious lump
of clay, in the cheerless chamber of silence and in-
sensitivity, the noise of music and dancing is heard,
and the roof resounds with jubilee and joy. Wait
but a few days after his interment: seek him now in
the faces of his kinsmen—they have resumed their
cheerfulness; now he is not there. When a few years
have circled over his sepulchre—go, search for the
fugitive, in his dark retreat from human notice;—
his very relics are vanished; he is not now even
there; stay a little longer, and thou shalt seek in
vain for a stone to tell thee in what part of the land
of oblivion he was laid; even that frail memorial
of him, of whatever materials it was made, has
moulder'd away—"Man dieth, and where is he?"

JEWELRY.

At No 200 Broadway.

EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his friends and
customers, that he has removed from the Park to No.
200 Broadway, where he solicits a continuance of
their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and
his attention to his business will fully meet with their
approbation.

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of
the newest and most fashionable gold ear rings, breast
pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl,
plain and enameld, and of every fashion, hair work-
ed necklaces, and gold do. bracelets, clasps, chains,
watch chains, seals and keys, &c. He has also silver
tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and
ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of ar-
ticles appropriate to his line of business, which are
too numerous to mention: he will sell at the low as
price, and will warrant the gold and silver work which
are of his own manufactory to be equal to any.

THE SUBSCRIBER.

Professor of Dancing and of the French Language
nterpreter, Translator, &c. has established his a
cademy at Harmony hall in Barley, corner of Wil-
liam street, where he exercises his profession.

Pupils for the French Language are attended at
such hours of the day or evening as may suit their
convenience.

The Dancing School is kept in the afternoon for
masters, misses, and such as cannot attend at other
times, and in the evening for grown persons of both
sexes. The master has it in his power at almost any
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